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GOLDEN

THOUGHTS

S. D. F.

By S. D. POLLARD



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By SANFORD D. POLLARD



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MY SENTIMENT

What care I for all your praises
Which upon me you endow,
After death his hand upraises
Places it upon my brow?

Your sweet gifts of praise and flowers
I had rather you would give
To me in my lonely hours,
While on earth with you I live.

Why bedeck my grave with roses
And affections to me give,
Fill my casket with sweet poses,
Yet neglect me while I live?

MY SENTIMENT

If I'm worthy of the flowers
That you condescend to give
When grim death my life devours,
Why not worthy while I live?

Soothe me when my heart is worried,
While my life is filled with care:
For when 'neath the clods I'm buried,
Soothe cannot avail me there.

Give me what you deign to give me
Now, while it may give me cheer,
Bring not to my grave to pay me
The respect you owe me here.

A HAPPY JOURNEY

I would like to take a journey
Through that land as sweet as honey,
Where the fruits and flowers never cease to
 grow;
Walk into that fragrant garden,
Where no sullied foot has trodden,
Where delightful rivers never cease to flow.

It would give me without measure
Joy, ecstatic bliss and pleasure,
Just to watch the lovers spooning 'mongst the
 pines;
Where the nightingales are singing,
And the merry bells are ringing,

A HAPPY JOURNEY

As they walk and talk beneath those shady
vines.

Where they multiply their blisses
With the balm of love and kisses,
In the places which they fashion there to spoon;
Beneath the branches low and high,
O how I wish 'twere you and I!
All the morning, evening, yea, and afternoon.

IN THE TEMPEST

When night's shades are o'er me creeping,
And the bitter storm is sweeping,
And I in my barge am launched upon the sea ;
When the hungry deep is foaming,
And afar from thee I'm roaming,
I am thinking love, I'm dreaming still of thee.

Then while angry sea is roaring,
And the bitter floods are pouring,
Let thy heart incline to me more tenderly ;
When for thee my heart is yearning,
If my love thou be not spurning,
Thro' the watches of the night, oh, dream of
me.

· SPRING

Never mind the dreadful winter,
Though fierce tempest it may bring;
Sunshine, smiles and peace will enter
At the coming of the spring.

Then we'll see wild flowers a-blooming,
Rich and dainty, great and small,
And around them bees a-humming,
Bidding welcome to them all.

Every rose and every lily,
Pansy sweet and daffodil,
Will be scattering in profusion
All their loveliness at will;

SPRING

Shedding forth their sweetest fragrance,
Permeating all the air,
Stimulating all in nature,
Spreading rapture everywhere!

Flower gardens grand and spacious
Will be bathing in the sun,
Smiling to a source so gracious,
Telling that new life's begun.

Buttercups and morningglory
Gracing every plain and hill,
Testifying to the story
Of a life that's sweeter still.

HIS NAME WAS WILL

They were seated in the park,
Where the shades had gathered dark,
And the whippoorwill was hippoorwilling on;
Then he gave a sudden coo,
And he spread his wings and flew,
When he saw he did not whip-poor-will alone.

They were listening to the rill
As it rippled down the hill,
When he flirted with a dame who passed
along;
Then she whipped her Will so loud,
That she drew the watching crowd,
And the whippoorwill forgot his merry song.

WHEN I AM GONE

When death's cold hand my woeful life
 Shall humble,
And you of me have shortly been
 Bereft,
Let all your grief for me decay and
 Crumble,
No vain regret be in your memory
 Left.

Don't think of how we used to be
 Together,
Remember not the words that I have
 Said;
Forget about how much we loved each
 Other,
Remember not the fact that I am
 Dead.

WHEN I AM GONE

Your loving heart must never, never
 Borrow
An atom from the memory of
 To-day;
Your eyes must shed no tears of
 Grief or sorrow,
When this old body sleeps beneath
 The clay.

No thought of me should banish all
 Your pleasure,
No horrid crape for me should you
 Put on,
To bring to you an atom of
 Displeasure—
A thought of me, when I am dead
 And gone.

WHEN I AM GONE

When I first met you, your sweet face
 Was cherried,
And bore a smile of sweet and witching
 Grace;
When in the grave my body you have
 Buried,
Let that same smile illuminate
 Your face.

Now let this message be to you a
 Warning,
Give heed I pray, to every word
 I've said;
No ineffective tears of lonely
 Longing
Must flood your cheeks when I am
 Lying dead.

A BAD GUESS

The green leaves were falling,
A sweet voice was calling,
'Neath tree tops that dazzled with glee;
The soft breeze was sighing,
The sun's rays were dying,
As we sat by the big aspen tree.

So gentle and so sweet,
With a face all replete
With smiles, sat a beautiful dame;
Who's so grand and unique,
And seemed longing to speak,
But her countenance blushing with shame.

A BAD GUESS

Her face looked so merry!
Her cheeks looked so cherry!
Suggesting the flush of a rose;
Whose lips bore a kiss
From the sunlight of bliss,
And was beaming in lovely repose.

I was ridden of fear,
And to her I drew near,
My spirit o'erflowing with glee;
When she turned round and said:
"I would surely be glad
If you men folks would stop worrying me!"

AN UNMEASURED SEA

The eyes that looked into my own
Were fathomless pools of love,
The tangled mesh of sunlight hair
Was but the golden grove
Beneath whose vines I sipped the love
Which did my heart enliven,
From lips that melted in mine own—
The ruby gates of heaven.

She said to me, "The time has come
When I from thee must part,
Before I go from thee to roam,
Come press me to thy heart;"

AN UNMEASURED SEA

My moments lost in reverie,
Absorbed in her caress,
Bespeaks an avalanche of love
Too lofty to express.

That loving face I can't forget,
Those precious, haunting eyes,
Like phantoms did they gaze from one
Whom I did idolize!
This spot is fraught with memories
Of days now past and gone,
Of how I held in my embrace
The girl I thought my own.

LET IT ALONE

Do not let your friends entice you
To imbibe the poisoned cup,
Which contains the baneful liquor
That will burn your vitals up.

It will undermine your system,
It will bring you tears and sighs;
For 'tis known that health and liquor
Never, never harmonize.

You might row with perfect safety
Far above the cataract
Of the wonderful Niagara,
Many chances to retract.

LET IT ALONE

If you drift beyond the danger-
Line, where fearful billows clash,
Then no ray of hope remaineth,
You must take the fatal dash.

So it is with every drinker
Groping 'long the drunkard's path,
Drifting down to degradation,
Clutched within the throes of death.

When he gets the awful habit,
Then he loses self control,
And he knows no stop nor checking
Till is lost his very soul.

LET IT ALONE

If you wish to try a little,
Before sipping, stop and think;
For there's nothing more pernicious
Than the moderate use of drink.

So refuse it, do not use it,
It will prove to you a foe,
Early death will be your portion,
It will strike the fatal blow.

Ah, 'tis awful in its torment,
It will never satisfy,
And your thirst for it continues
Though you drink until you die.

LET IT ALONE

It will be too late to listen
After health and strength are gone;
If you want them to continue,
You must let strong drink alone.

LOST CARE

When with the girl you truly love
You lose the world of care,
When you can breathe your breath among
The fibres of her hair;
When lips with lips meet tenderly
In passion's quenchless flame,
And drink the wine of sweetest love
That quenches grief and shame.

MAN IS HEAD

Where does man go for comfort,
In the hours of despair?
To woman, and to lay his head
Upon her bosom fair.

And when his careworn spirit sinks
In the ocean of distress,
Her spirit stoops upon the brink
To soothe, to cheer and bless.

“Heaven’s last best gift to man,”
Is not enough to say
Of her who stimulates the race,
Preserves it from decay.

MAN IS HEAD

Nerves man for his Gethsemanes,
His life she doth improve,
Diffuses halo, light and joy
Wherever she doth move.

From whence did man the thought absorb,
From what source is it fed,
That woman he should rule with force
Because he is the head?

He brought it from the rough stone Age;
'Tis time to put it down—
'Tis surely true that man is *head*,
But woman is the *crown*.

MAN IS HEAD

'Twas from his side this jewel came,
His equal fair to be,
And near his heart to be beloved,
Through joy and misery.

Her tenderness is unexcelled,
Love's object she must be,
Yet she has been the object of
Man's base brutality.

'Tis she who shares man's every grief,
Has led him everywhere,
From victory unto victory,
With tender hands of care;

MAN IS HEAD

Who's sacrificed her noble life
To help him reach his mark;—
No nobler type need we produce
Than wee Joan of Arc.

When in Orleans where English troops
Had won the fight, it seems,
When she had crowned the king of France
In that great church of Rheims;

When she had saved her native land,
And home she sought to go,
He ruthlessly forsook her and
Consigned her to the foe.

MAN IS HEAD

When Jesus left his throne and came
Into this world of strife,
Where worldly priests and evil men
Connived to take his life,

'Twas woman wept and pled in vain,
His life to save she tried;
'Twas man who mocked Him with disdain,
And man who crucified.

I prize her as a diadem,
Suggesting all that's fair;
I greet her as an angel sent
To sound the depths of care.

MAN IS HEAD

I hail her as the sunny side
Of Life's tempestuous shore;
And every time I breathe her name
I love her more and more.

ASLEEP OR DEAD

I've often wondered to myself,
How long will Justice sleep?
And could he close his eyes again
Would he but take a peep
At those who suffer agony
Wrought by the sullied hand
That robs men of their liberty,
Ignoring God's command.

I've often wondered to myself,
And even vainly said:
"I wonder if old Justice sleeps,
Or is he really dead?"
Soliloquizing all the while—
Although I may be wrong—
"If it be true he is not dead,
Why does he sleep so long?"

ASLEEP OR DEAD

An unseen presence seems to say :
"He shall not always sleep.
My word has gone from Me to thee,
My Covenant I'll keep.
Vengeance is Mine, I will repay,
A few more days endure ;
My righteous sword shall be unsheathed
To save the humble poor."

A NECESSARY REVOLUTION

If only I had power o'er all
 Creation,
Could I but rule the heart of
 Every man,
I'd unite every kingdom, race
 And nation,
Convert them into one great
 Happy band.

I'd check men in the fury of
 Their passion,
I'd dissipate all causes for
 Alarm,
Till every heart would melt with
 Deep compassion,
And fiery love that burns through
 Every storm.

A NECESSARY REVOLUTION

No envy nor malignant tongued
 Hypocrisy,
Nor prejudice should mar my
 Kingdom's mirth;
'Twould be a boon to all forms
 Of democracy
If such had died when ignorance gave
 Them birth.

No human mind can wisely rule
 A nation,
Nor sail full speed the intellectual
 Sea,
Promote the growth of love and
 Vindication,
While prejudice inflames the
 Memory.

A NECESSARY REVOLUTION

If fortune had endowed me with
Great riches,
I'd utilize my wealth amongst
The poor,
In giving bread to satisfy their
Wishes;
For nothing else would fill their
Longings more.

I'd put an end to all their needless
Sufferings,
Their aching hearts should promptly
Be consoled;
I'd concentrate my aims in one
Direction—
To solace them, yea, shield them
From the cold.

A NECESSARY REVOLUTION

I'd build for them colossal
Institutions,
But not the kind where many books
Are read;
'Twould be the kind where liberal
Contributions,
Were made, where hungry mortals
Might be fed.

THE POWER OF LOVE

My heart was stirred with restless bells
 A-ringing,
The soft sweet chimes came rippling o'er
 The hill;
The merry, chirping birds were gaily
 Singing,
The distant woods laughed back a merry
 Thrill.

A glimmering light stood on the moon-lit
 Mountain,
For darkness gathered 'neath her
 Fleecy trees;
A flood of shimmering waves traversed
 The fountain,
Wafting from there a cool, refreshing
 Breeze.

THE POWER OF LOVE

And then the air was hushed with painful
Silence—

A sudden rustle, then a startled
Face,

A lover's hand had seized it, it seemed by
Violence,

A maiden full of beauty, charm and
Grace.

He took her in his arms and pressed
Her sweetly,

Devouring lips and cheeks and sunny
Hair

With kisses then, that drowned almost
Completely

The maiden who was gentle, sweet and
Fair.

THE POWER OF LOVE

I listened there to every word he
Told her,
While gazing at her graceful form
So fair;
Then fell upon her sweet and matchless
Shoulder
A glittering veil of dainty golden
Hair.

“Why be so cruel, dear, why don’t
You listen?
How can you have the heart to bid
Me go?”
Pathetic tears his longing eyes
O’erflooded.
He spoke again: “Oh, do not say
Me, no.”

THE POWER OF LOVE

“Depart from me,” she said, “love’s
 Dream is ended,”
Then disengaged herself from his
 Embrace,
“You have betrayed the love I’ve
 Long defended,
’Tween me and you I beg unbounded
 Space.”

“Farewell,” he said, and down the
 Road he started;
“For love of wealth I spurned this
 Faithful girl;
My friends’ advice has made me
 Broken-hearted,
Farewell, my love, my all, my
 Priceless pearl.”

THE POWER OF LOVE

Then with a sigh she gazed across
 The mountain,
The woods were gay, the hills were
 All aglow,
Her throbbing heart submerged a
 Noble fountain,
But not the one that kissed the
 Banks below.

She passed into her grand, exquisite
 Parlor,
Perplexed at my bewildered, beaming
 Stare,
Lamenting as he journeyed from
 Her, farther;
And laid her head upon the sofa
 There.

THE POWER OF LOVE

Then cupid shot me with his
 Burning arrow,
My heart became his target, yea
 His game,
His kindled coals burned deep down
 In my marrow,
The amber sparks leaped into
 Crimson flame.

'Twas hard then to conceal the
 Fascination
Which drew me to the girl I
 Did adore,
I could not drown the flow of
 Admiration
Which sought to undermine my
 Peaceful core.

THE POWER OF LOVE

I wondered now if I were really
 Dreaming—
Such diadems of lustrous golden
 Hair!
Forthwith to captivate her was
 My scheming,
But touch those golden locks I
 Did not dare.

“I know that love’s great passion
 Is eternal,”
I said to her, “I cannot tell you
 Why,
For this in me I know is not
 Ephemeral,
My love for you will never, never
 Die.”

THE POWER OF LOVE

“My heart I’ve given to my own dear
Willie,”
Said she; “To your suggestion I’ll
Say nay,
To heed your foolish wiles, sir,
I’d be silly;”
And then my spirit sank in deep
Dismay.

“But if to me you give your love,
Unbroken,”
Said I, “I’d put an end to all your
Strife,
Kind words would be my everlasting
Token,
To me you are the very joy
Of life.”

THE POWER OF LOVE

Then from her lips came vengeful
 Exclamation,
That gentle voice and face so
 Fair and sweet,
Resented me with fearful
 Condemnation,
And lo, my grief, my dismay was
 Complete.

Next evening came; she heard a voice—
 'Twas Willie's;
It called her from the realm of sigh
 And dream,
Again they took a stroll amongst the
 Lilies,
Where love became the all absorbing
 Theme.

THE POWER OF LOVE

“Forgive me, dear, I love you and
None other;”

He said to her, “My heart belongs
To you;

“Come now, sweet love, let’s lock our
Hearts together,
One day of bliss be ours life’s
Journey through.”

An atmosphere of sweet turquoise
Reflection

Gave tone to her bewildered, gentle
Voice;

She scanned a flame of smiles in
His direction,

And made his aching heart once more
Rejoice.

THE POWER OF LOVE

The shadows of the trees were deepening
Ever,
The star-fringed branches softly
Beckoned me;
The stars, it seemed, achieved their one
Endeavor,
To twinkle on the crest of every
Tree.

Her loving heart to him again she'd
Given,
Against his own it throbbed most
Tenderly;
She greeted him then with a smile
Of heaven
And gave a kiss as sweet as sweet
Could be.

THE POWER OF LOVE

Oh, if, as some say, love is naught
 But sinning,
In grewsome death my sins I'll
 Not deny;
Love then shall be my crime in life's
 Last inning,
For I expect to love until I
 Die.

Does not this love of ours descend
 From Heaven?
Is this not the reflection of God's
 Love?
Eternal life no credence could be
 Given
If Love had not its source in Him
 Above.

THE POWER OF LOVE

I'd rather live a life of pain and
Pleasure
Where I might freely share the
Sweetness of
The girl I love—my glory and
My treasure,
Than live forever where there is
No love.

“But what,” you say, “is love where
There is dying,
Compared with life which all may share
Thereof?
No pains to bear, no suffering and
No sighing?”
But what is life, if destitute
Of love?

THE POWER OF LOVE

A life devoid of love suits not
 My notion,
For if we'll only trust the God
 Above,
I'm sure that this will be our
 Blessed portion:
Eternal life and everlasting
 Love.

The songs of nightingales may stir
 The willows,
The ripples may traverse the great
 Lagoon;
The mountain-tops may toss like waves
 And billows,
But Love will supersede the sun and
 Moon.

THE POWER OF LOVE

Ofttimes I gaze at death, the
 Ruthless giant,
My loathing for him I cannot
 Remove;
I'd rather live and love where death
 Is tyrant,
Than live forever where there is
 No love.

I'd rather live a life unknown
 To honor,
With love and death ordained to
 Be my lot;
I'd rather live and love where death
 Must conquer,
Than have eternal life where love
 Is not.

WHO CREATED HELL

The evening shades were drawing on,
The sun was almost gone,
And through the ether blue the stars
Came peeping one by one.
I walked along a lonely path,
Longing some peace to find;
A thought of all the heartless past
Came drifting through my mind.

I thought of Him who made this world—
At first a barren place,
A planet insignificant
In God's vast realm of space.

WHO CREATED HELL

I thought of Him who made the seas,
Holds them in bounds so well;
But most distressing was the thought
Of who created *Hell!*

God made the brilliant moon and stars
To fill the heavens with light,
Our sun with incandescent power
To make the day from night.
He made the birds that sweetly sing
On hill and plain and dell
Their mellow songs of joy and love—
But never made He Hell.

WHO CREATED HELL

Through space God spread great flaming suns,
Vast worlds that shine so bright,
Which though remote from this old earth
Shed phosphorescent light.
All these He made and called them *good*—
The Scriptures do this tell;
In them nowhere does God declare
Eternal torment Hell.

The love that flows from human breasts
And makes this life worth while,
Is all that fills these hearts of ours,
That brings the joyful smile.

WHO CREATED HELL

But the love of man compared with God's
Great love and sympathy,
Fades and grows dim; God's love doth fill
Our souls with ecstasy.

O God, so full of love and power,
Thy mercy's rich and grand!
And all Thy gifts Thy Son did show
Were from Thy bounteous hand.
'Twas man who painted Thee so vile—
'Tis far too sad to tell!—
And preached this manufactured stuff
About the flames of *Hell*.

WHO CREATED HELL

I love to sit and praise the name
Of Him who reigns above,
And picture Him as great and wise,
The Embodiment of Love;
I've found His mercy is supreme,
Since with Him I'm acquainted;
I've learned that He's not base and vile,
As He has long been painted—

Barren of all true sympathy,
And destitute of love,
Does this the character portray
Of The Holy One above?

WHO CREATED HELL

'Twas Satan foisted this vile scheme,
The ignorant to deceive;
How glad am I to know 'tis false!
No longer I believe.

Such blasphemy against God's name!
'Tis no restraint to crime;
'Twas introduced by blinded men
In centuries dark with crime.
Go search the penitentiaries,
The slums and dens as well—
They're filled with those who have been taught
The endless woes of *Hell*.

WHO CREATED HELL

Old superstition's cunning wiles
Have filled our hearts with fears,
Have drowned the earth as by a flood
With blood and bitter tears:
Have sown rank hate in every land,
Have caused our hearts to mourn;—
O would to God that it had died
The day that it was born!

'Tis but the child of ignorance,
Its voice do I deplore;
It ever goes from place to place
And knocks at every door.

WHO CREATED HELL

But God is just! His time has come!
This giant shall be slain!
And superstition old and hoar
Shall now no longer reign!

God's Word declares with trumpet voice
His greatest work shall be
To ope the mighty prison doors,
And set the captives free!
Death's prison-house shall open wide,
The nations all shall fall;
Truth's waves shall sweep away the lies
That did our hearts appall.

WHO CREATED HELL

And God will slay—thus saith *His Word*—
The wicked with His breath;
For He declares in voice of power,
“The wage of sin is death!”
The worthy shall forever *live*!
The soul that sins shall *die*!
The theory that souls live in *Hell*,
Let heart and voice deny.

“I set before thee life and death;
Choose life!”—thus saith the Lord;
Eut all the creeds of Christendom
This word from God made void.

WHO CREATED HELL

Old Satan's influence covered the earth;
God's Truth the world forgot;
And men believed the falsehood Truth—
God's word a thing of naught.

To Adam and Eve the tempter said:
"Ye shall *not* surely *die!*"
And all the creeds, as well as they,
Accepted Satan's **lie**.
They claim with heart and might and soul
The dead in life abide,
And live in Heaven or in Hell,
As though they had not died.

WHO CREATED HELL

“The soul that sinneth, it shall die!”
This truthful text we find;—
If this the creeds have not observed
I’m sure that they are *blind!*
“He spared not their *souls* from *death*,”
We find those words in Psalm,
Seventy-eighth chapter, fiftieth verse;
But Truth has lost its charm!

I’ll wonder not if hypocrites
Shall spread my name abroad,
And tell my neighbors I deny
The existence of a God!

WHO CREATED HELL

Such slanderers condemned the Lord—
Expect I more of men?
If He were here in flesh today,
They'd kill the Lord again!

They cannot bear to hear His Word,
It has no place in them;
And if you dare to tell the Truth,
Forthwith they you condemn.
They'll evil-speak you to their friends,
Your reputation mar;
They'll slander you—it goes to show
What so-called Christians are.

WHO CREATED HELL

The creeds for all their advocates
Have little or no attraction;
In fact, they have no real effect
Upon their course of action.
And day by day the selfish way
Of pleasure they pursue,
Though they preach Hell to wicked men
Until the air turns blue!

May superstitions fade away!
May every fettish fall,
That true ideas may prevail
To help us one and all!

WHO CREATED HELL

Dishonest men still lie of God,
But their power will soon be broken;
God's bow of promise spans the sky,
His everlasting token!

A God of mercy made our race,
But Satan did deceive,
Then held o'er man a burning Hell!—
His lie I'll ne'er believe!
His dupes my name will sure besmirch
When I this secret tell:
'Twas *God* created *heaven* and *earth*
But *man* created *Hell*!

WHO CREATED HELL

In what condition shall those be
Who shall persist in sin?
Obadiah 16 tells us this—
“As though they had not been.”
God said to Adam “Dust thou art,
To dust thou shalt return;”
But *not one word* respecting *Hell*,
Where quenchless fires burn!

’Twas God who gave His Son to die
Poor sinful men to save,
And made for them who disobey
A hell which is the *grave*.

WHO CREATED HELL

'Twas *man* who put the fires there,
And thus blasphemed His name,
Disgraced the character of God—
O 'tis a burning shame!

Death is God's punishment for sin,
The price which all must pay;
But Jesus came to ransom men—
To roll this curse away!
The saints with Him shall reign in light,
But every one who hath
No love for Him shall die again—
An everlasting death.

WHO CREATED HELL

Our Lord a miracle performed,
In calling from the dead
His friend—the man whom Jesus loved—
To Heaven He raised His head:
“Lazarus, come forth!” He cried aloud;
Back to him life He gave!
He called him, *not* from life beyond,
But merely from the *grave*.

The creeds aver that Lazarus stood
Amid that mighty host
Of cherubim and seraphim,
God and the Holy Ghost.

WHO CREATED HELL

But had he not been really *dead*,
I'm willing to take oath
The Scriptures never would have said:
"He that was *dead* came forth!"

The gift of God is *eternal life*—
Pain's glorious aftermath;
But wicked men shall *cease to be*—
"The wage of sin is *death*."
If any think that death is not
The wage of wilful sin,
Just this advice let me suggest:
Your Bible read again!

THE CRITICS

Shall I curb my lone ambition?
Shall I therefore cease to think?
Just because their fangs the critics
In my reputation sink?
No, I'm going to tell my story,
I shall tell it my own way,
I shall speak my true conviction;
I don't care what critics say.

Shall I sacrifice the freedom
Which is mine to say what is?
Just because some envious critic
Says my thoughts are not like his?

THE CRITICS

No, I mean to speak my judgment,
Please it whom it will or may;
I expect to do my thinking,
Matters not what critics say.

I shall hold my own opinion,
I shall think and I shall say
From my heart my own conviction,
Say they what they will or may.
Let them hollo all they wish to,
They don't have my bills to pay;
Why, then, should I fret and worry
About what poor critics say?

THE CRITICS

I'll not try to please the critics;
Let them talk till they are through,
I shall try to please the masses,
Those whose hearts are free and true.
Jesus could not please the critics,
For the Bible tells us so;
Why, then, should I be so silly
As to try to please a foe?

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